

THE DOLLAR WEEKLY BULLETIN.

ROSS & ROSSER, Publishers.

MAYSVILLE, KY., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1862.

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 25

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
A square is Twelve lines of this size type—equal to about 100 words of manuscript.

	1 Square	2 Squares	3 Squares	4 Squares	5 Squares	6 Squares	7 Squares	8 Squares	9 Squares	10 Squares	11 Squares	12 Squares
1 Insertion	\$1.00	\$1.75	\$2.50	\$3.25	\$4.00	\$4.75	\$5.50	\$6.25	\$7.00	\$7.75	\$8.50	\$9.25
2 Insertions	1.50	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50
3 Insertions	2.00	3.00	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00
One Month	2.50	3.50	4.50	5.50	6.50	7.50	8.50	9.50	10.50	11.50	12.50	13.50
Two Months	4.00	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00
Three Months	5.00	6.00	7.00	8.00	9.00	10.00	11.00	12.00	13.00	14.00	15.00	16.00
Six Months	7.50	10.00	12.50	15.00	17.50	20.00	22.50	25.00	27.50	30.00	32.50	35.00
One Year	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	50.00	55.00	60.00	65.00

THE BULLETIN.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
ROSS & ROSSER,
Editors and Proprietors.

MAYSVILLE, - - DECEMBER 4

DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer shower
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flower may fade and pass away—
The only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Makes glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now her everlasting song
Amid the Tree of Life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for faint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe,
Is life—There are no dead!

From the Logan (O.) Gazette.
Betsy Kolter on Legal Tender.
Messrs Editors—I concluded to write up to you to print some Legal Tender for me. I've had such bad luck of late, and been so much frustrated to make change for the peddlers when they come to buy my produce, that I thought I would get some currency of my own. But before I tell you the kind I want, I must inform you what the bad luck was, hoping it'll be a warning to all females who go to Fountain to trade. You see I took up thirty pound of butter; and the towns people all know that I make butter which is better; and butter been scarce, they comest halin' me as soon as I got to town. One wanted five pound, and another three, and so along, and as they ha'n't no change, every feller paid me in stamps. So I rapt the stamps up carefully in a piece of paper, and put 'em in my pocket. Well, you see I had our baby along, and the dear little cheruby set in my lap all the way going and cummin', and when I got home, I giv Bob the baby, and went to feel for my stamps and lauzee-sakes! What do you think? That was the stamps, shore enuff; but they was glued together and totally spoiled with the sticky truck on the back of them. I w'at the baby's fault. True there was a sort of dampness well like, on my lap; but that would have been nothin' here or there, if the fool Government had'n't gauded paste on the back of them.

So, all things considered, I concluded to get some currency of my own. At them comes the question—What kind? Shall it be Demand Notes or Legal Tender?
I guess I'll get the Legal Tender. You see if I was to get Demand Notes, some feller might come up some day with one of 'em, and I might not have the specie about me, and of course couldn't pay him, not havin' the means to do it. Then what? Why, the very next time the weamin met in the Soan Sockle, they'd say: "Betsy Kolter's here all to pieces; Betsy Kolter's gone up; Betsy Kolter's gone under; Betsy Kolter's busted;" and so forth.

You see I always like to be sure that I can make both ends meet; and so I thought I'd get the Legal Tender, just like that of the Government, which aint to be paid for five years, and after five years is only to be paid when the Government gets ready. That will give me time to turn round, and I won't be in no danger of the bankrupt act. You see its my principle to be always on hand, and good as my word. I think it is the bounden duty of every body, old and young, men and weemen, to so arrange things as to make their ends meet without fail; and so I want you to print me twenty dollars, in Legal Tender.
Yours, &c.
BETSY KOLTER.

A young lady who was perfectly thunder struck at hearing of her friends engagement, has since been provided with a lightning-rod.

The flow of the Pennsylvania oil wells is decreasing, the daily product of the whole region being estimated at scarcely 400 barrels.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Nov. 22.
Demolishing their Idols.
Since this war commenced the Yankees have manufactured military idols, and then annihilated them, with a recklessness unparalleled in the history of war. At first Gen. Scott was the 'great soldier of the age,' but Manassas gave him his quietus, and old Fuss and Feathers was consigned without ceremony to a splendid mausoleum, where he has been lying in state ever since, but with none so poor as to do him reverence. McClellan was at once hoisted upon the vacant pedestal, and every one remembers the frantic enthusiasm with which he was hailed by the universal Yankee nation. The 'Young Napoleon' was on every lip; the newspapers seemed with the most nauseating adulations; the print shops exhibited his likeness in every variety of pattern; McClellan himself proclaimed: 'We have met our last defeat; but have seen our last retreat.'

What was McClellan now? Pope's star flashed for a brief hour across the firmament and then disappeared as sudden as it rose. Buell, once the object of their unlimited confidence, has now been thrown overboard, and other subordinate leaders have been sacrificed by the wholesale. For our own part, we do not believe that any of those men deserved their fate. They were engaged in a bad cause; they had to encounter superior generalship, and a people fighting in defense of their own homes and firesides. They did as well under the circumstances as any Generals could have done, and no change from one to the other has at all improved the Yankee fortunes. We venture to predict that the changes will be as fruitless as those which occurred before. It would be hard to say on what field Burnside has proved his superiority to McClellan. In his retreat from Fredericksburg, when he believed that Jackson, who was no where near him, was in pursuit, he exhibited none of the coolness and sagacity of a great General. His agitation is said to have been overpowering, and his flight one of the utmost confusion and disorder. If the redoubtable Stonewall had really been at his heels with only 4,000 men, he might easily have captured the whole of Burnside's command.

While never regarding McClellan as a 'Young Napoleon,' he unquestionably understood the capabilities of his men, and the obstacles he had to encounter, much better than the rabble of the North or their besotted Government. We have never been of those who regard the Yankees as cowards, but they have not the military aptitude of the Southern people, and can be improvised into soldiers. They are unfamiliar, by education, both with the idea of danger and the use of arms. They were called upon to confront men who had been accustomed to both from their cradle, and who are fighting in the holiest cause for which men ever drew a sword. The first battle of Manassas had demonstrated that, after three months' incessant drilling, they were unable to cope with one-third their number of Southern volunteers. Even the best regulars of their old army were on that occasion annihilated, and their cannon taken from them by raw Southern troops. It was only a long period of discipline that could convert such men into soldiers, and that McClellan at last accomplished this object no Southern man will deny. He acted wisely, therefore, and in accordance with the earnest counsels of General Scott, when he determined not to be hurried into an advance, nor to budge an inch until he felt himself perfectly ready. It has been ridiculously pretended that, if he had marched on Richmond immediately after the battle of Williamsburg, he would have taken the city.

The idea is based upon the glaring falsehood that he was the victor in that battle. On the contrary, he was ignominiously whipped by a mere handful of our forces, and if he had advanced he would have been annihilated. We profess to be better booked upon the character and capacity of our demagogue than the Yankee masses can be, though McClellan may have obtained information which he acted wisely in regarding. So, too, in regard to the advance this fall—for declining to make which he has been removed. We know that our Generals desire him to advance, and hail with delight the determination of the Yankees not to wait till spring. Numbers, without discipline, opposed to such an army as ours, will be any thing but an element of strength; and just so soon as they make the experiment they will discover that McClellan's policy was of the highest wisdom and prudence.

Let them come on, and McClellan will have his revenge. All that the South has done in former battles will be nothing to the effort she will make under the impetus of Lincoln's proclamation. The most heroic struggle that the world has ever witnessed will occur when this city is again assailed by the Yankee legions. The South will go to the battle as joyously as to a bridal and, with the blessings of Heaven, she will not only save her liberties and her capital, but will save the North from herself.

Mr. Calhoun died in 1850. A Southern writer relates the following evidence of his sagacity:
"During Mr. Calhoun's illness, a distinguished Senator, who possessed his entire confidence, one day went to visit him:—'I shall probably never again be in the Senate; my day has gone by; but if the gentlemen who have the entire charge of these questions think they will be able, as loyal men, to adjust them by compromise, I fear they will be mistaken. The seeds of dissolution, sir, have been sown, and must bear fruit. The two sections can no longer live under a common Government. I think I can see clearly within what time the separation will take place, and fix it at twelve years—three Presidential terms. My judgment is clear on that subject, but I am not so clear as to how it will take place; but I think that the greatest probability is that the Government will explode during a Presidential election.'

If slander is a snake, it is a winged one; it flies as well as creeps.

Extraordinary Disclosure—No Arms Ever Stolen by Floyd—The Public Humbled on That Point.
The following is an extract from Ex-President Buchanan's reply to General Scott, published in the *National Intelligencer*:
NO ARMS STOLEN BY FLOYD.
I should have nothing more to add had General Scott, in his rejoinder, confined himself to the topics embraced in his original letter. He has extended them, and now, for the first time, and in a sarcastic and no kind of spirit, refers to the alleged stealing of public arms by Secretary Floyd, and their transportation to the South, in anticipation of the rebellion. This is a conclusive answer to the allegation that, notwithstanding the boasting of Mr. Floyd at Richmond, evidently with the view of conciliating his new allies, cited by the General as his authority, no public arms were ever stolen. This fact is established by the report of the Committee on Military Affairs of the House of Representatives, now before me, made by Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, their Chairman, on the 18th of February, 1861, and to be found in the second volume of the Reports of Committees of the House for the session of 1860-61. This report, and the testimony before the Committee, establish:
SOME SOUTHERN STATES WITHOUT ANY ARMS WHATEVER.
1. That the Southern States received in 1860 less instead of more than the quota of arms to which they were entitled by law; and that three of them, North Carolina, Mississippi and Kentucky, received no arms whatever, and this simply because they did not ask for them. Well may Mr. Stanton have said in the House 'that there are a good deal of rumors, and speculations, and misapprehensions as to the true state of facts in regard to this matter.'

FLOYD AND THE PITTSBURG GUNS.
2. Secretary Floyd, under suspicious circumstances, on the 27th of December, 1860, and but a few days before he left the Department, had, without the knowledge of the President, ordered one hundred and thirty-two columbards and eleven thirty-two-pounders to be transported from Pittsburg to ship Island and Galveston, in Mississippi and Texas. This fact was brought to the knowledge of the President by a communication from Pittsburg; and Secretary Holt immediately thereupon countermanded the order of his predecessor, and the cannon were never sent. The promptitude with which we acted elicited a vote of thanks, dated on the 4th of January, 1861, from the Select and Common Councils of that city, 'to the President, the Attorney General, and the acting Secretary of War' (Mr. Holt).

Brilliant Whitewash.
Many have heard of the brilliant stucco whitewash of the President's house, at Washington. The following is a receipt for making it, as gleaned from the *National Intelligencer*, with some additional improvements learned by experiment:
"Take half a bushel of nice unslacked lime, slack it with boiling water, cover it during the process to keep in the steam, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously well dissolved in warm water; three pounds of ground rice, boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot; half a pound of clean glue, which has previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire, in a small kettle with a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from dirt.—It should be put on right hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard on the outside of a house, if properly applied.—Brushes more or less malle may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Color may be put in and made of any shade you like. Spanish brown stirred in will make red or pink more or less deep, according to the quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed with Spanish brown before it is stirred into the mixture, makes a lilac color. Lump-black in small quantities, makes a slate color, or very suitable for the outside of buildings. Lumpblack and Spanish brown mixed produces a reddish stone color. Yellow ochre stirred in makes a yellow wash—but chrome goes further, and makes a color generally esteemed prettier. In all these cases, the darkness of the shade will of course be determined by the quantity of coloring used. It is difficult to make a rule, because tastes are very different; it would be best to try experiments on a shingle and let it dry. It is said that green must not be mixed with lime. The lime destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash which makes it crack and peel. When walls have been badly smoked, and you wish to have them a clean white, it is well to squeeze indigo plentifully through a bag into the water you use, before it is stirred in the whole mixture. If a larger quantity than five gallons is wanted, the same proportion should be observed."

THE REBEL FLAG.—The bill reported by the COMMITTEE ON SEAL and seal, which passed the Confederate Senate, provides that the device of the seal of the Confederate States shall be in the foreground a soldier in the position of charge bayonets; in the middle distance a woman with a child by her side, in front of a church both with hands uplifted in the attitude of prayer.—For a background, a homestead on a plain, with mountains in the distance, beneath the meridian sun. The whole surrounded by a wreath composed of the stalk of sugar cane, the rice, the cotton, and tobacco plants.—The margin inscribed with the words, "Seal of the Confederate States of America," and motto, "Our homes and our Constitution" beneath.

A tender legal question—the legal tender question.

From the Burlington (Iowa) Argus.
A Brighter Day Has Dawned.
There never was a people bowed down to the lowest depth of despair by a rent nation, a horrible civil war, their liberties being taken from them by vile minions of power, that had more cause to rejoice with profound joy than the true friend of American freedom, at the glorious result of the last election in this year of grace 1862. For months before the elections took place, the Democracy all over the country were the victims of the most atrocious slanders and persecutions by the Abolition press, and Abolition leaders. Every epithet that black-hearted malice could suggest was freely used, and charges of treason upon the whole party were of daily occurrence. Men of influence, for no other crime than that of being Democrats, who were determined to stand fast to the principles they knew to be right, were arrested without the form of law, torn from their families and friends, and hurried off thousands of miles to distant prisons.—Threats of mob violence were almost daily uttered against others and against newspapers whose editors would not be bought or cajoled into silence, when the very Temple of Liberty was attempted to be pulled down. More than once was it declared, that our persons and property should meet with the summary vengeance of Abolition intolerance, unless we would bend the supple neck, and become the fawning sycophants of the dastardly foes of a free government. It was boldly proclaimed in the streets of Burlington, that this paper should not be published. We were denounced as traitors, 'secessionists,' and every vile epithet that wicked malignancy could invent in order to injure us, and inflame a rabble to destroy our press.—In like manner was every Democratic paper throughout the land treated, and in many instances these cowardly threats were put into execution. They attempted like their predecessors, the Federalists of the days of old John Adams, to muzzle the press; they, like them, imprisoned men for the liberty of speech, and established a reign of terror throughout the land. As then, they subverted and attempted to overthrow the Constitution. But as in 1800, the Democracy stood firm in the majesty of their strength, and in the recent elections have taken the first step towards expelling from power, the betrayers of the people's confidence.

The late elections mark a new era in the history of the country. A change has come 'o'er the spirit of the dreams' of a people who are the descendants of that glorious band of patriots, who swore upon the altar of their God 'eternal hostility to every form of tyranny over the mind of man.' Let the nation of freemen rejoice in this triumph of ours at the ballot box, for no basile any longer waits to receive them for the honest utterances of political opinions; not much longer will there be a suspension of the great writ of liberty—the *habeas corpus*; trials by jury will again be every man's right, and no more trampling under foot the sacred guaranties of constitutional liberty: All follow in the wake of this great democratic victory.

The late elections have admonished the corrupt administration at Washington that, under the miserable pretence of the *war power*, it will not be permitted to suspend the Constitution and render our government a more intolerable and unlimited despotism than was exercised by any of the despots of the dark ages. The people know no war power or peace power that can set aside the fundamental law of the land, which is immutable—the same in war as in peace, equally designed for adversity or prosperity.

In thunder tones have the people condemned the abolition and usurpation schemes of President Lincoln and the fanatical demagogues whom he has chosen to conduct his administration. This verdict of the people must put a barrier to further encroachments upon their rights.

Let democrats rejoice, for the long night of political despotism is passing away, and the bright sun of a better future is casting its rays above the black horizon of Abolition rule. Let the people take warning by the example of the terrible past, and shun the knives and the charlatans who are the authors of our awful calamities. In this hour of our great triumph we can well afford to be magnanimous to those who have so shamefully and villainously persecuted us. Democracy is always as liberal and tolerant as abolitionism is tyrannical and despotic. A brighter day has dawned.

ROMANTIC LOVE SCENE.—'Tis past the hour of midnight. The golden glow of day, when yon sun doth move his emblezoned chariot through the heavens, has ceased shining on the earth, and a black pall reigns over the lower section of our city. Nothing is heard save the distant step of the melancholy bird poster as he pursues his homeward way! Suddenly a sound breaks the stillness—it is the voice of Frederick William calling in plaintive tones upon his beloved Florence Amelia.

'Throw open the lattice, love, and look down upon the casement, for I, your dear Frederick am here.'

'What brings thee at this time of the night, when all is still and gloomy?'

'I come to offer thee my heart.—Upon my soul I love thee—truly—Wildly, passionately love thee. Dost thou reciprocate?'

The maiden blushed as she hesitated.

'Ah,' cried he, and the face of our hero lit up with a sardonic smile, 'thou lovest another!'

'No! no! no!' cried Florence.

'Then why not rush to this bosom that is bursting to receive thee?'

'Because,' replied the innocent, but still trembling damsel, 'I am undressed!'

A RIFLED six hundred pounder gun is rapidly approaching completion at Elewick, England. Its weight, when finished, will be twenty-two and a half tons, and its length fourteen feet ten inches; the outer diameter is to be four feet four inches at the breech and one foot nine and a half inches at the muzzle. The bore of the gun will be rather more than thirteen inches, and the greatest thickness of metal at the breech about nineteen inches, at the muzzle four and a half inches.

An Old Indian Burying Ground Discovered in Pittsburg.
Within the last few weeks quite a number of human skeletons, some of them in a tolerably fair state of preservation, have been dug up from the old Indian burying ground in the 9th Ward. Our readers may not be aware, perhaps, that in early history of this neighborhood, and when the red man had almost exclusive control west of the mountains, that portion of the Ninth Ward lying in the vicinity of the Lake Superior Copper Works was a favorite burying ground with the Indian tribes. The tract so used extends over an area of several acres, and appears to be thickly underlaid with human remains. In sinking the foundations of the various oil works and manufacturing establishments lately erected in this neighborhood a large number of human bones, skulls, &c. were discovered, but the only perfect skeletons yet found were those discovered while the foundations for Parker & Brothers' new steel works were being excavated. At a point here, near the river bank, two skeletons were discovered, one of which appeared to be that of an Indian Chief, and the other that of a young girl, who was perhaps, the dead warrior's daughter. The man, judging, from his remains, must have been of herculean proportions. His skull wore that peculiar shape which distinguishes the Indian cranium, and bore evidence of having been fractured at some period or other of his life, possibly by the tomahawk of an enemy.

The greatest interest, however, centered in the remains of the girl, who evidently held a high position in her tribe. On each of her arms were two silver bracelets, and suspended from her neck was a silver crucifix. At the time of her interment her clothing must have been literally covered with tiny silver bells, as some three or four hundred, altogether, of these, with a large number of beads, strung upon what appeared to be saddlers' silk, were discovered in the grave. She had, also, a very rich ring on one of her fingers, and wore earrings of extraordinary size. Several buttons of European manufacture, strung together like sleeve-buttons, were also found lying around, and some fragments of cloth, which fell to pieces when disturbed. Various other little articles lay scattered through the grave, all going to show that the deceased, when in life, must have occupied a most exalted position. She was a princess, possibly, or the daughter, it may be, of some powerful chief.

Some thirty feet from where the remains alluded to were found, the skeleton of a warrior was discovered, standing erect, with the face to the Alleghany. The size of the bones indicated that the man must have been of immense proportions. Another skeleton, in an excellent state of preservation, was also discovered a few yards further back, but, in fact, wherever an excavation was made, bones were found. We are not familiar enough with Indian history to venture an opinion as to when the red men first commenced burying their dead here; it is clear, however, that they must have resorted to it long before our occupation of the country, otherwise the ground occupied would not have been so extensive or the interments so numerous.—Evening Chronicle.

Sambo.—'Does you hear dem chickens Cuffy?'

Cuffy.—'In coase I does—sbery body hears dem chickens.'

Sambo.—'Well, it become my lemankolly duty, to 'manicate to you de 'teligence dat dem chickens is a crowing de requiem of de kullud populasheen.'

Cuffy.—'Well, jes lef em crow, dis chile haint got no requiem. Dem can't crow dat.'

Sambo.—'You dont undehstan' de 'sition. I mean to say dat we're played out of de political arena, and ain't worf fitin fo no more.'

Cuffy.—'Did you say we was frowed out of de 'rena—I wasn't in no 'rena.'

Sambo.—'Yes you was in de 'rena—we was all in de 'rena, but we ain't in de 'rena now. White men's in dar now.'

Cuffy.—'What's white folks doin in de 'rena?'

Sambo.—'De're frowin us out, and gitten in de 'rena demselves.'

Cuffy.—'Dar must be a mistake somewhere.'

Sambo.—'Ob coas dar's a mistake somewhere. Dat's what dem chickens is a croin our requiem about.'

Cuffy.—'May be dey don't know it's kullud folks dey frowin out of de 'rena.'

Sambo.—'Yes dey do; dat ain't de mistake. I telly you what de mistake is. De demokrat party ain't dead—but de blak pubicans is dead. Dat's what dem chickens is croin about.'—Logan County (O.) Gazette.

BOGUS SILVER.—'The Harrisburgh (Pa.) Patriot says that city is flooded with bogus silver coin, so well executed as to deceive even competent judges of money.' The fact of offering now-a-day anything but shinpilasters or tickets for any sum below one dollar for change, places the piece offered under suspicion of being counterfeit, yet the effect, in the end, will be very little different in value between bogus silver coin and the great body of shinpilasters with which the country threatens to be inundated. For convenience of change, one would be about as handy as the other; and for intrinsic value, the holders, a few months hence, would know no difference between them. One would be laid by for keeping with about as much confidence as the other, and neither regarded with remarkable favor. While the bogus coin would be dealt with an accomplished fraud, the other would be treated as financial vermin. They are both a nuisance; one not to be tolerated, and the other to be endured through absolute necessity only.—Burlington Argus.

People often speak of a trillion as a possible number. The fact is that not a trillion of seconds has elapsed since the creation of Adam; nor will that number have elapsed until February 1st, in the year of our Lord 25,825; for in a trillion of seconds there are 31,687 years, 52 days 1 hour, 46 minutes and 10 seconds.

From the London Times, Oct. 21st.
The Abolition Proclamation of President Lincoln.
Are scenes like those which we a short time since described from Dahomey yet to interpose, and is the reign of the last President to go out amid horrible massacres of white women and children, to be followed by the extermination of the black race in the South? Is Lincoln yet a name not known to us as it will be known to posterity, and is it ultimately to be classed among that catalogue of monsters, the wholesale assassins and butchers of their kind? Are not the half million of fighting men who have already fallen by fire and steel, or rotted by disease, enough holocaust to the Fetish of the North? We fear not. Slaughter without result in Mississippi and Kentucky, and a threat of renewal of the sanguinary battles of Maryland are all we learn as the last news. Concurrent testimony seems to show that this worse than Dahomey slaughter—worse because the mass of butchery is a hundred fold greater, and because Christian men are the victims and the slaughterers—are to be added the horrors of a servile war, stirred up by this honest, shrewd, unscrupulous teller of good stories. There is something of horror, as well as of rage, and of alarm as well as indignation in the resolutions with which the Confederate Congress answer the Lincoln Slavery Proclamation.—We attempt at present to predict nothing as to what the consequence of Mr. Lincoln's new policy may be, except that it certainly will not have the effect of restoring the Union. It will not deprive Mr. Lincoln of the distinction affix which he will share with many, for the most part foolish and incompetent Kings and Emperors, Clippahs and Doges, that of being Lincoln—the Last.

THE BONNET.—No man—unless he is a man milliner—can comprehend the necessities of a bonnet, tho' he may talk aesthetic nonsense about it by the hour. He sees in it only something to be paid for. In conversation with a lady, it is the face and not the bonnet that he regards. The face he may treasure up in his memory—if it is a pretty one—but of the bonnet, whether pretty or not, he does not carry away the remotest idea. The lady may meet him with three new bonnets on the same day, and he not know them apart. But no new bonnet comes before a lady's eyes unchallenged and uncriticized. When ladies converse with each other, it is not the face which each studies, but the bonnet. Her glance creeps over that cunning work of flowers, feathers, lace or ribbons, which rises in a graceful arch above the head of her friend. Nothing escapes this survey, at top or bottom, back or front. She has resolved the bonnet into its original elements. Her memory retains every item, even the minutest, of which it is composed. At any subsequent period of her life she could draw upon her recollection and have a perfect duplicate of her friend's bonnet made if she desired it.—This feat, which is incomprehensible to a man, is a natural gift of the bonnet sex.

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city Modena in Italy, and about four miles around it, whenever the earth is dug, when the workman arrives at a distance of about sixty feet they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep.—They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed; and, upon the extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence and quickly fills the newly made well which continues full, and is effected neither by rain or droughts.

But what is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At a depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city—paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic work. Under this is found soft, oozy earth made up of vegetables; and at twenty-six feet, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetation is found.

The Cowardly Massacre by General McNeil.
The St. Joseph Journal of the 18th, a staunch Union paper, says:
'GENERAL MCNEIL.—This officer, by whose order ten men were shot at Palmyra, Missouri, because an old gentleman was missing but who afterward turned up in Illinois, met with several merited rebuffs at St. Louis lately. He approached General McKinstry and offered his hand. The General said to McNeil: "Did shake hands with a murderer." McNeil afterward asked three gentlemen to drink with him in the Planters' House saloon. They turned on their heels and said, "we don't drink with a murderer." This was the reception he met with almost every-where he went in St. Louis; and no doubt the ghosts of the murdered men haunted him by day and by night. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

A CHANGE IN THE RADICAL WIND.—Before the last election crazy Greeley and his gang of abolitionists didn't care for the constitution, offered to trample upon it, wanted to supersede it called it a bit of waste paper, a useless parchment, a bond with hell and a league with death. Now, however, Greeley is very much interested about that constitution he so much detested about and denounced; and in yesterday's Tribune he declares that Seymour will raise a terrible revolution among the nine hundred thousand abolitionists if he offers the South "any professions, pledges, stipulations or guarantees other than those contained in the federal constitution." Here's riches for you, as Squiers said when he tasted the sky blue milk he had watered for his pupils. Greeley defending the constitution is like Satan preaching the Gospel. What a good effect a few votes do have to be sure.—N. Y. Herald.

An old almanac among other domestic recipes, has one to convert a 'calm into a breeze,' which is as follows: 'Help a good looking chambermaid cord a bed, and let your wife catch you at it.'